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**The Jolly songster**

**Devonport [England]**

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# THE JOLLY SONGSTER:

A SELECTION OF FAVOURITE AND

# NEW SONGS.



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# THE JOLLY SONGSTER.

## The Beau with two Belles.

AIR—"Quite the *Lady's man.*"

I AM a random slasher,  
To every dodge I'm down ;  
A regular first-rate dasher,  
And known upon the town.  
As the leading tip top swell,  
My name is Rodric Spiller,  
The ready beau to every belle,  
The model lady killer.

### CHORUS.

When I get them single handed, I'm safe to  
lead the way,  
But when I meet two belles at once, the devil  
a word can I say ;  
Oh, I could be happy with either, was one of  
these charmers away,  
But while they both tease me together, the  
devil a word can I say.

I never found objections,  
My love was unalloy'd ;  
With girls of all complexions  
I have kiss'd and toy'd.  
With the eyes of soft sky blue,  
With eyes as black as jet,  
With eyes as grey as morning dew,  
And with the flush'd brunette.

When I get them, &c.

Among the fair I've scamper'd,  
In love I was no dunce ;  
But at last I got well hamper'd,  
By having two at once.  
A storm I could not weather,  
I could not lead one astray,  
But while both tease me together,  
The devil a word can I say.

When I get them, &c.

Town it does perplex me,  
Yet to lose them I am loth,  
Aint it enough to vex me,  
That I can't serve them both.  
Could I only get them each alone,  
Their double love I'd smother,  
As it is, I'd give the devil one,  
To let me alone with the other.

When I get them, &c.

## Domestic Felicity ; or, a Picture of Home.

AIR—"Derry Down."

ALL you rakish, rollicking boys,  
Who spend your days in folly and noise,  
On freedom's wings at large you roam,  
And make a mock and scoff of home.  
Go here, go there, for no one care,  
Lead off the dance, or take the chair,  
Seize on what revelry you can,  
And laugh and chaff at the married man.

### CHORUS.

But question oft the case divides,  
For every question has two sides ;  
And all that glitters is not gold,  
One story's good till the other one's told.

I and my wife are like two in one,  
As cosy a couple as Darby and Joan ;  
We never have words, and all our noise  
Is made by our dear little girls and our boys,  
Girls, like mama, boys, like papa,  
We have no such thing as a family jar ;  
We never have words from morn till we sup,  
If we do, there's the pleasure of making it up.  
But question oft, &c.

Your rattling rakes, rakish men about town,  
Assail wedded life and keep running it down ;  
But do what you please, whatever you are,  
A married life's better than single by far.  
No buttons off shirts, and what's more shocking  
Than precious great holes in the heels of his  
stocking ;  
Then on cold winter nights the safe married  
man,  
Finds in a wife a good warming pan.  
But question, &c.

SPOKEN.—Yes, I am married, and I would  
not be single for the world. If you doubt  
what I say, get married and try. When I go  
home from business, it is to meet pleasure ;  
there are my slippers in the fender, wife  
looking cheerfully, kettle singing merrily, the  
cat purring a welcome, then the girls all  
angels like their mother, the boys all jolly

cocks like me—Jane thumping away at the piano, Kate making a pin-cushion of my legs, Tom picking my pockets, Bill making a coal-scuttle of my boots, Jack hunting the cat round the room, and little Bob swimming boats in his mother's tea. There's pleasure for you, and all pleasure of our own making. If you doubt my words get married and try.

### The nice Lads of this Town.

AIR—“*Away down Holborn Hill.*”

THERE'S handsome chaps in many a town,  
Tall, short, and dark, and fair;  
But those about this neighbourhood,  
They are beyond compare.  
Going out each day, so many I see,  
With curly hair, black, or brown,  
I certain feel, there's none eclipse  
The nice lads of this town!

CHORUS.

The nice lads of this town!  
On them no girls will frown;  
There is no doubt they're the finest out,  
The nice lads of the town.

Just visit, girls, my Music Hall,  
Tho' handsome lads to view;  
Whenevor you may choose to call,  
You're sure to find a few!  
I'm told they never when they've wed,  
Upon their husbands frown,  
About their good looks there's no mistake,  
In the nice lads of the town!

The nice lads of this town, &c.

I often take a Sunday walk,  
This locality around,  
Just at the manly chaps to glance,  
About here that are found.  
A husband I'll pick out some day,  
As I walk up and down;  
For sparkling eyes not one outvies  
The nice lads of this town.

The nice lads of this town, &c.

### The Swell of Modern Days.

AIR—“*Pat of Mullinger.*”

I BEG to introduce myself as the pattern swell  
Of modern days, and the pet of every reigning belle.  
I dress with care, not gaudy, particular and neat;  
In fact my style's the fashion for ball room  
and the street.

CHORUS.

As I walk along, drive along  
With my iron greys,  
I am recognised by all,  
The Swell of Modern Days.

My moustache and whiskers regulate do to a hair,  
Quite the adoration of the fair sex, I declare,  
When addressed, a smile on my features you can trace,  
My movements all are measured with an elegance and grace.

As I walk along, &c.

At soirees, routs, my company is sought by one and all,  
I am beset with offers, for partners at a ball,  
In waltz, quadrille, or polka, quite the *don au fait*,  
In fact the Ball Boom Guide I am, of the present day.

CHORUS.

As I glide along through the throng,  
With delight all present gaze,  
Remarking, as I trip along,  
That's the Swell of Modern Days.

Although particular may be, in appearance  
and address,  
My fellow creatures ne'er forget, turn a deaf ear to distress;  
Tho' my portion is enjoyment, ample means  
at my command,  
The poorest man I ne'er disdain, but extend  
a helping hand.

CHORUS.

As I walk along, drive along  
With my iron greys,  
A feeling heart does still belong  
To the Swell of Modern Days.

Wealth is not contentment, though pleasure it may buy,  
The rich and poor are men alike, or should be so, say I,  
A feeling for distress'd, should possess the wealthy gay,  
As a ruling fashion, which never should decay.

As I walk along, &c.

## Two Strings to your Bow.

AIR—"Never do so any more."

I HEAR with regret,  
I am called a coquette,  
The reason for which I don't know  
Unless it is this,  
In case one should miss,  
I have two strings to my bow.

## CHORUS.

I have two strings to my bow, my bow,  
I have two strings to my bow.

It is not a safe thing  
To depend on one string,  
As that may relax by the weather;  
Yet it a great pest does prove,  
In matters of love,  
When two lovers meet you together,  
I have two strings, &c.

Such is my case,  
And it's quite out of place,  
In fact it amounts to a crime;  
Whether Charley or Harry,  
Father would marry,  
But I can't marry two at a time.  
I have two strings, &c.

I wish one off would drop,  
Or the question they'd pop,  
But together not a word will they say;  
But they both must be sappy,  
I'd with either be happy,  
If one of them was but away.  
I have two strings, &c.

But I'm much afraid  
Of being an old maid,  
Which I should as sure as a gun;  
So I can't pick and choose,  
Nor either refuse,  
For two strings are better than none.  
I have two strings, &c.

## The Razor Grinder.

AIR—"The Organ Grinder."

NOW I am a young man in my bloom,  
Fading fast away,  
My life is sorrow's darkest gloom,  
Each succeeding day.  
A girl I loved so faithfully,  
Who swore we ne'er should part,  
With a Razor Grinder she eloped,  
Oh! my poor bleeding heart, heart, heart.

## CHORUS.

So I pine and I mourn for the girl of my  
heart—  
No lover could be kinder—  
To think she should come for to go, depart  
With a dirty Razor Grinder.

SPOKEN.—False Susan.

In an eel-pie shop in Bishopsgate Street,  
I first saw with these eyes,  
Oh! such a winning smile she would give,  
When serving me with pies.  
Oh! so often in that very shop  
Daily I would call,  
And I wished she was but an eel-pie,  
I could swallow bones and all.  
So I pine and I mourn, &c.

SPOKEN.—She was so tender.

In the shop one day I chanced to see  
The Razor Grinder there,  
He asked my Sue if a scissors had,  
Or something to repair,  
For a heavy bet, said he,  
A certain number if I can,  
Of razors grind, for I'm in disguise,  
I am a nobleman, man, man.  
So I pine and I mourn, &c.

SPOKEN.—Such lies.

Sue's af-fect-i-ons he soon obtained,  
They eloped to Bethnal Green,  
And for many, many months  
I had never seen.  
'Till one day through Shoreditch I did pass,  
There, alas, too true,  
The dirty Razor Grinder saw,  
And the faithless Sue, Sue, Sue,  
So I pine and I mourn, &c.

SPOKEN.—I could murder her.

On I went, with a deep, deep sigh,  
Wishing I ne'er had seen  
The Razor Grinder's dirty face,  
And his grinding machine.  
No longer shall I grieve for her,  
But will bid adieu  
To the Razor Grinder, his machine,  
His moke, and faithless Sue, Sue, Sue.

## FINAL CHORUS.

So no more will I fret, but a new love get,  
That is if I can find her,  
As for Sue she may go to the deuce if she likes,  
And take her Razor Grinder.

## Madge and Giles.

AIR—"Dolly, the Dancing Dairy Maid."

WHEN I were at home in Derry-down-dale,  
Madge freely carried her milking pail,  
Blithe as a bee, her bread she was earning,  
By knitting, or stitching, milking, or churning.  
Just at that time I were sweetheartsing she,  
As happy a couple as ever could be;  
At wake or at fair, we were sure to be there,  
And all the folks said we should make a neat pair.

But when Squire com'd down from great London town,  
And the folks of our village, he turned upside down;  
When ever Madge went to serve 'em wi' milk,  
She saw all the ladies in satins and silks.  
It put she in flurry to think of the words—  
That 'twere only fine feathers that made the fine birds;  
Besides fortune-teller had plainly told  
Madge would ride in a coach made of silver and gold.

She thought of nought but London town,  
She call'd I a clodhopping country clown;  
She told I when fortune should alter her case,  
Mayhap she would give I a servant's place.  
When she got to London, she go in a flurry  
To see all the great folks, in such a great hurry;  
One push'd her here, another push'd there,  
No one for Madge seem'd to care.

At length an elderly sort of dame,  
Came up to Madge and ax'd her name,  
Madge told her, and dear, how strange to tell,  
She kiss'd, and said she knew Madge well.  
To her great house then went straightway,  
There she dress'd Madge up like Lady gay,  
And told her that she were made for life,  
For a fine rich lord would make Madge his wife.

Madge found great lord was no great good,  
He offered bad words, and began to be rude,  
So when Madge found this were the case,  
She pull'd his hair, and scratch'd his face.  
She bolted out and slam'd the door,  
Resolv'd to bide in London no more;  
On that very day I Madge did see,  
So we kiss'd and were friends, then I married she.

## The Swell of Observation.

AIR—"Great Sensations."

I AM a swell—and known full well,  
In town, about the West End;  
For handsome girls—with flowing curls,  
You know, that is the best end.  
In park or street—with them I meet,  
And get up a flirtation;  
Each pretty "she"—does well know me—  
The Swell of Observation.

## CHORUS.

With glass to eye, the girls I spy,  
And talk with animation;  
On heel and toe, around I go,  
The Swell of Observation.

A fact it is—where'er I quiz,  
A pretty bonnet builder,  
The work is done—"to earth she's run,"  
Just as if I had killed her.  
Or a milliner—and when with her  
I get in conversation,  
And flattery cram—she sees I am  
A Swell of Observation.

With glass to eye, &amp;c.

At dancing rooms—where gas illumines  
And plate glass glitters splendour,  
To creatures sweet, I whisper neat,  
Soft speeches in tones tender!  
I take their hands—we join the bands  
Of dancers in gyration;  
In first-rate style, we trip awhile,  
For others Observation.

With glass to eye, &amp;c.

At operas, plays—each lady says,  
As soon as she perceives me,  
"Why, bless my heart!—that's Captain Smart,  
Or else my eyes deceive me."  
I'm quite at home, where'er I roam,  
And many an invitation,  
From high and low—I get, they know  
I'm a Swell of Observation.

With glass to eye, &amp;c.

At "Tattersall's" with other swells,  
I bet upon all races;  
Of every horse upon the course,  
I know the age and paces.  
Always to win—I do go in,  
With little hesitation;  
And never lose—for knows each "ruse,"  
This Swell of Observation.

With glass to eye, &amp;c.

My motto's this—in life it is  
 A game of speculation;  
 The wide awake—the prizes take,  
 The spoonies loose their station.  
 Girls I admire—of them ne'er tire,  
 To speak in admiration;  
 And all I see—here will agree,  
 I'm a Swell of Observation.  
 With glass to eye, &c.

I didn't think she'd do it.

AIR—"I really couldn't help it."

ON pretty girls I always doat,  
 And seek them where I can,  
 I met one on the penny boat,  
 Whose name was Flora Fan;  
 She was communicative so,  
 I said to her, "my dear,  
 Will you take a glass of ale and  
 Sandwich, when we reach the pier."

CHORUS.

But I didn't think she'd do it,  
 That she'd do it—she would do it,  
 No, I didn't think she'd do it,  
 But, upon my word she did.

She said she would, and so I called  
 For Sandwiches and ale;  
 But "Crowley's" she objected to,  
 And said she liked it pale.  
 "All right," I cried, because I thought  
 Though she spoke rather free,  
 She wouldn't take advantage of  
 My liberality.

I didn't think she'd do it, &c.

We done four sandwiches and ales,  
 While chatting on a seat,  
 I learnt her name, and gave her mine,  
 And agreed next night to meet;  
 I said, "pray do not disappoint,"  
 Cried she, "I do declare,  
 In you I'm interested, and  
 I really will be there."  
 But, I didn't think she'd do it, &c.

It was to see the ghost, I meant  
 To take her when we met,  
 To "Canterbury Hall" we went,  
 I proud was of my pet.  
 I got infatuated so,  
 I asked if she'd have me?  
 I'd got a "sit," two "quid" a week,  
 And would she marry me?  
 Tho' I didn't think she'd do it, &c.

Yes, that she did, and her I wed,  
 But soon began to rue;  
 I found she was a lie-a-bed,  
 A vixen, and a shrew.  
 We quarrelled on the second day,  
 While we were taking tea;  
 And, flourishing a knife, she swore  
 She'd leave her mark on me.  
 But, I didn't think she'd do it, &c.

And then to "poll" me, out she ran,  
 And called a Bobby in;  
 Declared to him I was "no man,"  
 And had kicked up a din.  
 Vowed she'd strike me in self defence,  
 And sliced off half my ear;  
 Charged me with poisoning her tea,  
 And swore she would appear.  
 Tho' I hoped she wouldn't do it, &c.

They fined me for assaulting her,  
 And then we made it up;  
 Went out upon the spree, and got  
 "Tight," at the "Silver Cup."  
 Where she imbibed so much at last,  
 While calling me vile names,  
 She run away, and vowed she'd cast  
 Herself into the Thames.  
 Still I didn't think she'd do it, &c.

Such was the end of Flora Fan—  
 It wasn't much I cried,  
 Now I'm again a single man,  
 And want a charming bride.  
 This is leap year, so, ladies here,  
 Which of you will propose?  
 The prettiest of you say "yes,"  
 I can't take any "no's."

CHORUS.

I only hope you'll say it—  
 That you'll say it—only say it,  
 I really hope you'll say it,  
 Yes, upon my word I do.

The "Model" Girls of London.

AIR—"Mrs. Johnson."

ON London girls I've heard them speak,  
 And say they're handsome, sweet, and  
 meek,  
 With not the slightest shade of "cheek,"  
 That's quite unknown in London!  
 So, I've come to live here awhile,  
 To see life, and the time beguile;  
 And now I'll reckon up the style  
 Of the "Model" girls of London.

## CHORUS.

Can't they with all others cope?  
Can't they understand soft soap?  
Can't they jump, and turn the rope?  
The Model Girls of London!

Each damsel, who in London dwells,  
Don't they all tog up female swells?  
With teeth as white as oyster shells.

**SPOKEN.**—Inside or outside?—Which ever you like, my pretty little dears.

On holidays in London.  
And every one, a natty pair  
Of boots, a pickled tongue shape wears;  
And you just should, too, see their hair,  
On Sundays out in London!  
Can't they, &c.

They never lie in bed all day,  
Industrious London girls—not they,  
Or spout flat irons, who will say

They would do so in London.  
They don't sell rags upon the sly,  
A "brownsworth" of hair oil to buy,  
Or paint their cheeks, 'taint likely I  
Would say they did in London!

Can't they, &c.

They'd not out of the "Monday rent,"  
Extract a shilling, to be spent  
In little drops, when out they went  
Marketing in London.

Then tell the landlord "Such a job!"  
And say, with imitation sob—  
Their little brother's dropped a "bob"

Down a gully hole, in London!

Can't they, &c.

Up Tally Bills they'd never run,  
If they did, instalments, every one  
They'd pay—the man would not be done  
By them—oh, no! in London!

They'd not cry, "I say, Mother Blake,  
Tell Sally Green to say Miss Lake,  
Her father's dinner's gone to take;"  
Or say, "I'm out" in London!

Can't they, &c.

They'd not walk past, without their shawls,  
And "tasters" nick from sweetstuff stalls;  
They wouldn't lick in "brandy bals,"

Who says they would, in London?

They don't like dainty, fishy meals,  
And bawl, as on the evening steals,  
Death to all winkles, wilks, and eels!

We'll "break the Man," in London.  
Can't they, &c.

No girl of London ever "pops,"  
They'd not deposit for pork chops,  
Their crinolines at "leaving shops,"  
To raise the wind in London!  
For all the ills that flesh endures,  
The damsels all have perfect cures,  
You'd make a shift, and not pledge yours,  
For anything in London!  
Can't they, &c.

**SPOKEN.**—I don't think they could some of them.

They do not gossip—oh, dear no!  
Or into public-houses go,  
Nor "taters" in their stockings show,  
It's not likely in London!  
They'd blush to stand behind a bar,  
They wouldn't at a Jem Mace spar,  
They couldn't blow a mild cigar,  
The "Model" girls of London!

They're so domestic, natty, neat,  
Can cook, wash, scrub, and all complete,  
The best of wives young fellows meet  
With, is the girls of London!

And when to wed I do intend,  
I'll not into the country send,  
But, for a wife you may depend  
I'm sure to look in London.

Can't they, &c.

## London, for "Lions" and Life.

**AIR**—“*T'other Side of Jordan.*”

I'M a chap fond of spree, and slow life don't do for me,

And London is the place for recreation,  
There they keep it up all right, and turn day into night,

So that is the place for my location.  
There, it's keep the game alive, and care to the devil drive,

All bent on amusement are the populace;  
Let others cut away where they like—but this I say

Give me the rattling life of the Metropolis.

## CHORUS.

Sport your ready rhino, and open your eyes,  
When thro' the little village you travel;  
For life upon the spree, and keep up till three,  
Thro' London's the right road to travel, I believe.

In rural parts I've been, and, upon my word  
I've seen,

The people are as green as the vicinity;  
They go to bed at nine, that's not a style of  
mine,

With early birds I have no affinity.  
I like to roam round town, and thought in  
pleasure drown,

While enjoying the pretty girls' caresses;  
Seeing swells tear peeler's coats, while sowing  
their wild oats,

And go home with the milk and water-  
caresses.

Sport your ready rhino, &c.

Rare London is the place, for a chap to go  
the pace,

And enjoy himself like a jolly Briton;  
But, my boys, make no mistake, you must be  
wide awake,

If green at all, you're sure to be bitten.  
There, artful coves abound, and knowing girls  
around,

Will knock you out of time, yes, and silly;  
From virtue you're betrayed—by the crino-  
lines displayed,

From the Poultry, right away to Piccadilly.

Sport your ready rhino, &c.

Fast men late hours keep—in the morning  
go to sleep,

When the postmen the letters do deliver;  
And girls who've been betrayed, when their  
charms begin to fade,

Go to sleep in the bed of the river.  
All splendour, glitter, life—with revelry all  
rife,

If you've only got the coin in your pocket;  
Till the rapid race is run—some extinguished,  
burked, and done,

Like a candle going out in the socket!

Sport your ready rhino, &c.

The swells upon town—while they've got left  
a crown,

Wild sprees, there, they will pass their  
time in;

Mad-drunk, think their cigars they can light  
at the stars,

While up the street lamp-posts clinging;  
Over pillar-posts they play—"fly-the-garter,"

To "Evens's," and play up the devil;  
Then when they knockers off and bells—till

those sensation swells, and I am!

In the station-house finish up their revel!

Sport your ready rhino, &c.

Now, if anybody here—don't like a slow  
career,

And had quite enough of their past life,  
Let them come along with me, thro' London  
on the spree,

And I'll very soon show them fast life.  
There, pleasure and delight, to please you  
day and night,

To the height of perfection is carried;  
And you can, in London town, get a wife for  
half-a-crown,

That's cheaper than it is getting married.  
Sport your ready rhino, &c.

### The Life of a Clown.

COME listen to me, and I'll sing you a  
song—

It's not very short, and it's not very long—  
But all about me, such a comical elf;

Ah! sure you are laughing, so I'll laugh at  
myself,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Sol'de rol, &c.

My nurse, poor old soul, she fed me with pies,  
My mother she taught me plenty of lies,

And my master, Old Pant, has learnt me to  
So I cheat all I can, and laugh in my sleeve.

Ha, ha, &c.

I can sham a cold, and give you a sneeze,  
Turn in my toes, do whatever you please,  
Roll my eyes round from the North to the  
South,

And you plainly may see I've a nice little  
mouth.

I've tried all my life, up to this merry meeting,  
To gain from you, my friends, a kind greeting,

To please both the old and the young, I'll  
endeavour;

Come, laugh with me, and we'll all laugh to-  
gether.

Ha, ha, &c.

### Walker.

AND do you really want, mama,  
To know my lover's name;

It is too bad of you, mama,  
Indeed, it's quite a shame.

His name begins with W,  
The second letter's A;

The next to that is L, mama,

And then, mama, comes K, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z,

There's yet one letter—well, good, now.  
Letter the last is R, mama—

That's all I have to tell.

**Paddy is the Boy that is fond of a Lass.**

IT is some years ago, I very well know,  
Since I first saw daylight with my two blessed eyes,—  
While my dad was away I was born so they say,  
On St. Patrick's day in the morning,  
How they nursed me with joy and said, "what a fine boy!"  
Put a stick in my hand by the way of a toy;  
Faith, there's no mistake, they admired my make,  
And said, some day I'd give some one a warming.

**CHORUS.**

But Paddy is the boy that is fond of a lass,  
Paddy is the boy that is fond of a glass;  
And dear old Ireland's the place for me,  
But Donnybrook's the place to go for a spree.

Then I grew a big boy, and did pratties destroy.  
And my old mother said I would make a fine boy;  
Indeed it's no joke, she truth only spoke,  
To be a genius I had given warning.  
'Twas after the girls with their elegant curls,  
And like a true Irishman, the shillelagh could twirl,  
And the girls, do you see, took a liking to me,  
But the dear creatures to harm I'd be scorning.  
But Paddy is the boy, &c.

At a wake or a fair, poor Paddy is there,  
And will fight friend or foe if they do him offend,  
Let the piper strike up he will rise from his cup,  
A smile on his fair face adorning,  
With his little Colleen, he will dance on the green,  
Sure an Irishman there in his glory is seen;  
Give him a reel or a jig and he don't care a fig,  
But will dance till daylight in the morning.  
But Paddy is the boy, &c.

Now, boys, do you mind, you never will find  
Such a dear little spot as that over the way,  
Long, long may it stand, good luck to the land,  
That dear old St. Patrick was born in.

May the girls young and old, may the boys brave and bold,  
Unite heart and hand, to protect the dear Isle,  
And morn, noon, and night, may joy and delight,  
Shine on them like a sunshiny morning.  
But Paddy is the boy, &c.

**Beautiful Star.**

**B**EAUTIFUL star in heav'n so bright,  
Softly falls thy silv'ry light,  
As thou movest from earth afar,  
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

**CHORUS.**

Beautiful star, beautiful star,  
Star of the evening,  
Beautiful, beautiful star.

In fancy's eye thou seem'st to say,  
Follow me, come from earth away,  
Upward thy spirit-pinions fly,  
To realms of love beyond the sky.  
Beautiful star, &c.

Shine on, O star of love divine,  
And may our soul's affections twine  
Around thee as thou mov'st afar,  
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.  
Beautiful star, &c.

**Ever of Thee I'm fondly Dreaming.**

**E**VER of Thee, I'm fondly dreaming,  
Thy gentle voice my spirit can cheer;  
Thou wert the star that, mildly beaming,  
Shone o'er my path when all was dark and drear.

Still in my heart thy form I cherish,  
Evry kind thought, like a bird, flies to thee:

Ah! never till life and mem'ry perish,  
Can I forget how dear thou art to me.  
Morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be,  
Fondly I'm dreaming, ever of Thee.

Ever of Thee, when sad and lonely,  
Wand'ring afar, my soul joy'd to dwell;  
Ah! then I felt I lov'd thee only,  
All seem'd to fade before affection's spell.

Years have not chill'd the love I cherish,  
True as the stars hath my heart been to thee;

Ah! never till life and mem'ry perish,  
Can I forget how dear thou art to me.  
Morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be,  
Fondly I'm dreaming, ever of Thee.

## The Poachers; or, Poaching all Fair.

WHEN I was bound apprentice in fam'd  
Zummerzetshire,  
I sav'd my master truly, for almost seven year,  
Till I took up to poaching, as you shall  
quickly hear,  
For 'tis my delight, of a shiny night, in the  
season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting of a  
snare,  
The gamekeeper was a watching us—for him  
we did not care;  
For we can wrestle, fight, my boys, jump  
over anywhere,  
For it's my delight, of a shiny night, in the  
season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting four  
or five,  
And taking of them up again, we took the  
hare alive,  
We popp'd her into the bag, my boys, and  
thru' the wood did steer,  
For it's my delight, of a shiny night, in the  
season of the year.

We threw her over our shoulders, and wan-  
dered thro' the town,  
Call'd into a neighbour's house, and sold her  
for a crown,  
We sold her for a crown, my boys, but dare  
not tell you where,  
For it's my delight, of a shiny night, in the  
season of the year.

Well, here's success to poaching, for I do  
think it fair,  
Bad luck to ev'ry gamekeeper that would not  
sell his deer.  
Good luck to ev'ry gamekeeper that wants to  
buy a hare,  
For it's my delight, of a shiny night, in the  
season of the year.

## Sally Bluck, or marry on Wednesday.

SALLY Bluck, a nigger gall dat grow'd in  
Carolina—  
No gall on de plantation eber dis look finer.  
She hab an alegater mouth, her voice am like  
de bull-frog,  
Her teeth am like a garden rake, wid a temper  
like a bull-dog.

## CHORUS.

All niggers lobe dis gall, she'll marry so do  
friends say;  
If you hoops her up wid a golden ring, it  
must be on a Wednesday.  
She will marry, she will marry, on a Wednes-  
day,  
If you hoops her up wid a golden ring, she  
will marry on a Wednesday.  
Wid dis gall I fell in lobe, and what do you  
tink she told me?  
Why, dat I was a nigger, and dat my ole  
massa had sold me;  
When I ax she how dat was, she tell me what  
de men say,  
Dat de odder massa had bought me on a  
Wednesday.  
All niggers lobe dis gall, &c.

## Judy Mc'Carty.

COME all my hearty roving blades,  
Some fun you are expecting,  
And I will prove without any noise,  
That I'm not neglecting;  
You've heard the song of Biddy Mc'Ghee,  
And how she coaxed poor Paddy,  
But another one you'll get from me,  
About charming Judy Mc'Carty.  
Whack, fal la, &c.

At Donnybrook fair I met her,  
Along with Michael Mc'Carty,  
He handed her into a seat with care,  
Then soon I followed after,  
I asked her up to dance a jig,  
She danced it neat and hearty,  
It was then with love my heart grew big,  
For charming Judy Mc'Carty.  
Whack, fal la, &c.

I asked her would she be my love,  
Or would she be my darling,  
The best of husbands I would make,  
And please her night and morning;  
She said she would, and glad she was,  
I took her from the party,  
That night was spent in devilment,  
Hugging Judy Mc'Carty.

Whack, fal la, &c.

To go home then we did prepare,  
We jogged it all the way, sir,  
We slept together that very night,  
Until the break of day, sir.

Next morning to the priest we went,  
Who tied us neat and hearty,  
That night was spent in devilmint,  
Hugging Judy Mc'Carty.

Whack, fal la, &c.

Twelve months after we were wed,  
What do you think she brought, sir,  
But a pair of twins as like their dad,  
As ever soup's like broth, sir;  
But now I'll finish my little song,  
My song so gay and hearty,  
The Irish boys such devils are,  
For getting the young Mc'Carty's.

Whack, fal la, &c.

### The Fiddler's Wife.

A HANDSOME young woman was married  
one day,  
With a hey ho by diddle diddle,  
Her husband a fiddler was, so they say,  
You could hear him practise at home all day;  
And from home many hours he would be away,  
For all night long he'd play at the play  
A very fine tune on the fiddle.

A good-looking policeman was there you must  
know,  
With his long coat, staff, and his rattle;  
And says he, "I should like for to come for  
to go  
The fiddler's wife my bull's-eye to show,  
And to tell her the wind out my light did blow,  
And see if she's got any cold meat you know,  
For that's the stuff I could tackle."

So into the house he went off his beat,  
Did this hungry, button'd-up glutton,  
And the fiddler's wife he then did greet:  
Says he, "it's some time since I've been in  
this street,"  
Have you got such a thing as a bit of cold  
meat,  
Then down by the fire he then took a seat,  
And she gave him a lump of cold mutton.

Says he, "dearest creature, this muttons'  
divine,  
But I should like to wet my old throttle;  
I'd a herring for breakfast, it was salt as brine,  
It's regularly parch'd up this gullet of mine."  
So she went to the cupboard and brought him  
some wine,  
And the bobby's eyes glisten'd and brightly did  
shine,  
As he eagerly collar'd the bottle.

Says he, "dearest angel, you are kind to me,  
And I love you the same as a brother;  
I wish from the fiddler you only was free,  
For all night long I am dreaming of thee."  
And the fiddler popp'd in, and there he did see  
His wife sitting down on the policeman's right  
knee;

Oh, crikey! then there was a bother.

The poor old fiddler with rage did cry,  
"I thought you did only me cherish."  
And the wife spoke up and said, "I'll tell you  
for why,  
He only came in to light his bull's-eye."  
But the fiddler said 'twas a villainous lie,  
"You may fiddle he but you don't fiddle I,  
For all of us here shall perish."

Now the poor old fiddler was sadly cut up,  
To be robb'd of his pride and his glory,  
So he hang'd himself with a piece of cat-gut,  
And the policeman his throat with his staff  
did cut.  
And as for her, the wicked young slut,  
She drown'd herself in the water-butt;  
So there's an end to my story.

### Ben Block.

BEN Block was a veteran of naval renown,  
And renown was his only reward;  
For the board still neglected his merits to  
a crown,  
As no interest he held with my lord.

Yet as brave as old Benbow was sturdy old  
Ben,  
And he'd laugh at the cannon's loud roar!  
When the death-dealing broadside made  
worm's meat of men,  
And the scuppers were streaming with gore.

Nor could a lieutenant's poor stipend provoke  
The staunch tar to despise scanty prog,  
But his biscuit he'd crack, turn his quid,  
crack his joke,  
And drown care in a jorum of grog.

Thus year after year, in a subaltern state,  
Poor Ben, for his king fought and bled;  
Till time had unroofed all the thatch from his  
pate,  
And the hair from his temples had fled.

When on humbly saluting, since his pate it  
was bare,

The first Lord of the Admiralty once ;  
Quoth his Lordship, " Lieutenant, you've lost  
all your hair,

Since I last had a peep at your scone."

" Why, my Lord," replied Ben, " it with  
truth may be said,

While a bald pate I long have stood under,  
There have so many captains walk'd over  
my head,  
That to see me quite scalp'd 'twere no  
wonder."

### Harry Bluff.

HARRY Bluff, when a boy, left his friends  
and his home,  
His dear native land, on the ocean to roam ;  
Like a sapling he sprang, he was fair to the  
view,  
He was a true British oak the older he grew.  
Tho' his body was weak, and his hands they  
were soft,  
When the signal was given he was first up  
aloft ;  
The veterans all said that he'd one day lead  
the van,  
And tho' rated a boy he had the soul of a  
man,  
And the heart of a true British sailor.

When by manhood promoted, and burning for  
fame,  
In peace and in war Harry Bluff was the  
same;

So true to his love, and in battle so brave,  
May the myrtle and laurel entwine o'er his  
grave.

In battle he fell, when by victory crown'd,  
The flag shot away, fell in tatters around ;  
The foe thought he'd struck when he cried  
out avast,  
And the colours of old England he nail'd to  
the mast,  
And he died like a true British sailor.

With all thy faults I love thee still.

I LOVE thee still, with all thy faults,

Oh! why that trembling voice !

Thy lover still will thee exalt,

And make thy heart rejoice.

Years have rolled on since last we met,

With all the slanderer's skill,

My beating heart can ne'er forget,

With all thy faults I love thee still.

I love thee still, tho' friends may tell

That we shall ne'er agree ;

There's naught on earth can break the spell

That binds my soul to thee.

Years may roll on, ere next we meet,

With all the slanderer's skill,

My once-loved heart must still repeat,

With all thy faults I love thee still.

I love thee still, 'bove all the earth,

I'm constant yet to thee ;

And while I've breath, I'll speak thy worth,

Thy name is dear to me.

And when on dying couch I'm laid,

This, this shall be my will,

Search far and near, and tell the maid

With all her faults I lov'd her still.

### The Mariner's Grave.

I REMEMBER the night was stormy and  
wet,

And dismally dashed the dark wave,

While the rain and the sleet

Dark and heavily beat

On the mariner's new-dug grave.

I remember, 'twas down in a darksome dale,

And near to a dreary cave,

Where the wild winds wail

Round the wanderer pale,

That I saw the mariner's grave.

I remember how slowly the bearers trod,

And how sad was the look they gave,

As they rested their load

Near its last abode,

And gazed on the mariner's grave.

I remember no sound did the silence break,

As the corpse to the earth they gave,

Save the night-bird's shriek,

And the coffin's creak,

As it sunk in the mariner's grave.

I remember a tear that slowly slid

Down the cheek of a messmate brave,

It fell on the lid,

And soon was hid,

For closed was the mariner's grave.

Now o'er his lone bed the briar creeps,

And the wild flowers mournfully wave

And the willow weeps,

And the moon-beam sleeps

On the mariner's silent grave.

## The Maids of merry England.

O THE maids of merry England, so beautiful and fair,  
With eyes like diamonds sparkling, and richly flowing hair—  
Their hearts are light and cheerful, and their spirits ever gay,  
The maids of merry England, how beautiful are they!  
They are like the lovely flowers in summer time that bloom,  
On the sportive breezes shedding their choice and sweet perfume;  
Our eyes and hearts delighting with their varied array,  
The maids of merry England, how beautiful are they!

They smile when we are happy, when we are sad they sigh—  
When anguish wrings our bosom, the tear they gently dry—  
O happy is the nation that owns their tender sway,  
The maids of merry England, how beautiful are they!  
Then ever like true patriots may we join both heart and hand,  
To protect the lovely maidens of this our father-land—  
And that heaven may ever bless them, we all devoutly pray,  
O the maids of merry England, how beautiful are they!

## When the Moon is on the Water.

WHEN the moon is on the water,  
I will hasten, love, to thee,  
For of all earth's fairest daughters  
Thou the dearest art to me.  
Tho' rude winds may ruffle the ocean,  
Still my bark shall tempt the sea,  
And in strains of pure devotion  
I will sing, love, songs to thee.

When my star of hope was waning,  
There was one, but one heart true,  
And which shared, without complaining,  
All the charms my bosom knew.  
It was thine, gentle Mary,  
Thou wert all the world to me,  
And however fortune vary  
I will still be true to thee.

Thou wert dear to me in childhood,  
When the rose-bud on its tree,  
As it blossomed in the wild wood,  
Was an emblem, love, of thee,  
In thy youth thou wert still dearer—  
With the dawn of reason came  
Thoughts that brought thee to me nearer,  
Tho' they bore not yet love's name.  
  
But thy womanhood unfolding,  
Won the secret from my heart;  
And my life was in thy holding—  
For 'twas death from thee to part!  
I have loved thee, gentle Mary,  
I have loved thee thro' the past;  
And however fortune vary,  
I will love thee to the last.

## On board the "Kangaroo."

ONCE I was a waterman, and liv'd at home at ease;  
Now I am a mariner, and plough the angry seas;  
I thought I'd like seafarin' life, so bid my love "adoo,"  
And shipp'd as cook and steward, boys, on board o' the "Kangaroo."

## CHORUS.

I never thought she would be false, or ever prove untrue,  
When we sail'd away from Milford Bay, on board o' the "Kangaroo."

My love she was no foolish girl, her age it was two score,  
My love was not a spinster, she'd been married twice before;  
And they could not say it was her wealth that stole my heart away,  
She was starcher at a laundresses, for eighteen-pence a day.  
I never thought, &c.

"Oh! think of me, oh, think of me," she mournfully did say,  
"When you are in a furrin' land, carousin' far away,  
And take this lucky thrup'ny bit, 'twill make you bear in mind,  
The loving, faithful, trusting heart, you leave in tears behind.  
I never thought, &c.

"Cheer up, cheer up, my own true love don't weep so bitterly,"  
But she sobb'd, and sigh'd, and chok'd, and cried, and couldn't say "good bye."  
"I shan't be gone so very long, only of months a few,  
And when I does come back again, in course I'll marry you."

I never thought, &c.

Our vessel it was homeward bound, from many a furrin shore, [bore;  
And many a furrin present unto my love I There was tortoises from Tenneriffe, and toys from Timbuctoo';  
A Chinese rat, and a Bengal cat, and a Bom-bay Cockatoo.

I never thought, &c.

Paid off, I sought her dwellin' in the sub-bubs of the town,  
A hancient dame upon a line was hanging out a gown;  
"Where is my love?" "She's married, sir, about six months ago,  
To a smart young mant, what drives a van for Chaplin, Horne, and Co."

I never thought, &c.

Farewell to dreams of married life! to soap, to suds, and blue,  
To "Glenfield starch," and "Harper Twelve-trees' washing powder," too:  
I'll seek some far and distant clime—I can no longer stay—  
And on some Chinese Hottingtot I'll throw myself away.

I never thought, &c.

### Streets of London.

OUR London Streets, of course you know, Have queerish titles, but I'll show How nicely managed it could be To make them with each trade agree; If I'd my way I would allot To evry class a certain spot: Such trouble then there would not be To find them out, as you shall see.

CHORUS.

So now attention give, I pray, And I will tell without delay Where every trade may find a home, And save much trouble as we roam.

The Schoolmaster cannot complain, If I send him to *Birchin Lane* ; I'd with Egg Merchants play a lark, By sending them to *Hatcham Park*. To *Fetter Lane* all prigs should go; All Sempstresses to *Hemming's Row*. Those fond of pledging, when run short, Should all hang out at *Popping's Court*. So now, &c.

To *Leather Lane* I'd send the Snob; While those hard up for *fifteen bob* Had better go to *Three Crown Square*; To *Mount Street* Jockeys should repair. Absconding Bankrupts, on the sly, To *Folt Court* or *Hy(i)de Park* should fly. Knife Grinders should fix their abode In *Culver Street*, or *Edge-ware Road*. So now, &c.

Pedestrians should to *Fleet Lane* go, All Priests to *Paternoster Row*. Teetotallers I'd send, 'tis plain, To *Pump Court*, or to *Water Lane*. To Orphans I would be a friend, To *Foster Lane*, I would them send; Send Cooks to *Pudding Lane* I will; And Herbalists to *Garrick Hill*. So now, &c.

We daily can in *Oxford Street*, See *Adam* and *Eve* Court, tho' no treat, I've often heard it said before, 'Twas time their courting days were o'er; But *Lovers* I must not forget, A place I've not assigned them yet, For reasons which I can't explain, I'd pack them off to *Huggin Lane*. So now, &c.

Musicians should to *Harp Lane* go; And Billiard sharps to *Cannon Row*. To *Beech Street*, Carpenters should wend, To *Bath Street*, dirty folks I'd send; There's *Leadenhall* for Plumbers clear, And *Sale Street* for the Auctioneer. 'Twould be a suitable abode For *Blind* men, in the *Curtain Road*. So now, &c.

Forget dumb animals I'd not, I'd places for them all allot, To *Hackney Road* I'd send the "hach." The dogs I'd off to *Barking* pack; Of barking dogs, we all have heard, But this is true upon my word; Some distance out, mid's trees so green, A *Barking* Curchyard may be seen. So now, &c.

## Wasn't it a Pull-back.

OH! once I loved a damsel smart,  
And fancied her a model,  
I thought the truth was in her heart,  
With some sense in her noddle;  
And some sense in her noddle.  
But wasn't it a pull-back,  
Oh! such an awful pull-back;  
I'm in a shocking way, now,  
What to do I can't say, now.  
I oh! I oh! I oh! I oh!  
Pity me, my roving swells,  
I am quite forlorn;  
Except it's in a Nunnery,  
I don't know where she's gone.

She came one afternoon to tea,  
And borrowed fifteen shillings;  
And then the next time her I see,  
To pay she wasn't willing.  
To pay it wasn't willing.  
To me that was a pull-back,  
A very nasty pull-back.  
To serve me in that way, now,  
To that, what do you say, now?  
I oh! I oh! I oh! I oh!  
Pity me, you gallant swells,  
I am all forlorn,  
Her, and my fifteen shillings,  
Are both together gone.

I met her walking with a chap,  
And wasn't it suspicious?  
She had a child. Because I spoke,  
He called me too officious.  
Said I was too officious.  
That was to me a pull-back,  
A rather stunning pull-back.  
She's not come in my way, now,  
Not since that blessed day, now.  
I oh! I oh! I oh! I oh!  
Pity me, you roving swells,  
I am so forlorn;  
My girl, yes, and my money,  
Are both together gone.

I've never seen her since that day,  
And don't expect I shall, now;  
I don't mind if should run away,  
Some Nigger with that girl, pow,  
Some darkie with that girl, now,  
She to me was a pull-back,  
A dreadful, shocking, pull-back.  
Young damsels here, I pray, now,  
Who wants a spouse? do say, now.

I oh! I oh! I oh! I oh!  
Pity me, you nice young girls,  
Now my false sweetheart's gone;  
I'm single, tender-hearted,  
And don't want to sleep alone.

## Polly Higginbottom.

I'M courtin' of a feminine,  
So sweetly scrumptious and divine,  
From other gals she takes the shine,  
And soon she's going to be mine;  
She's got a shop in sweet-stuff line,  
Near Bethnal Green, at number nine,  
And when I'm spliced wont it be fine?  
To serve out Almond Rock.

## CHORUS.

Oh, my! she keeps a little sweet-stuff shop;  
My eye! oh! ain't I just in luck.  
Oh, my! she's sweet as any sugarstick;  
I'm so fond of Polly, she's such a little duck.

She has such small and tiny feet;  
And as she walks along the street,  
She looks a little gem complete,  
And causes poor coves' arts to beat.  
The sweet-tooth'd young 'uns she does greet,  
With smile, like Toffey, just as sweet;  
She down the "dolly," doesn't cheat,  
But acts "upon the square."

Oh, my! &c.

A passer-by, too, often stops  
To see her serving Tom Thumb's Drops,  
And handling of the lollypops.  
(There's none so good at other shops).  
Her head's the curliest of mops;  
In height, all other gals she tops.  
Together off to "twopenny hops,"  
On Saturdays we go.

Oh, my! &c.

While there, like steam we foot it out,  
Till twelve o'clock, or there about;  
She's fond of ale, and bottled stout,  
If she can't get it, don't she pout?  
She says she can't exist without,  
And often shoves things up the spout,  
On purpose for a drinking bout.  
(She sticks up for her beer).

Oh, my! &c.

Her father is a horse marine,  
Her mother treads a sewing machine,  
Her brother, swell coves' boots does clean,  
But of the bunch she is the queen.

We'll married be at Bethnal Green,  
The hours of ten and twelve between;  
And crickey! wont it be "serene,"  
When we are both made one?

Oh, my! &c.

I've begged of her to name the day,  
She's going to, without delay;  
Attired out so spruce and gay,  
We off to church will wend our way,  
I'll give a wedding *deshurnay*,  
At night, we'll pass the time away  
In frolic, fun, and harmless play,  
As married folks should do.

Oh, my! &c.

### Lannigan's Ball.

**I**N the town of Athy, one Jeremy Lannigan,  
Batter'd away till he hadn't a pound,  
His father he died, and made him a man again,  
Left him a farm and ten acres of ground.  
He gave a grand party to friends and relations,  
Who did not forget him when sent to the  
wall!

If you'll only listen I'll make your eyes  
glisten,  
At the rows and the ructions at Lannigan's  
Ball.

Myself, to be sure, got free invitations,  
For all the nice boys and girls that I'd ask;  
In less than a minute the friends and re-  
lations,  
Were dancing as merry as bees round a  
cask.  
Miss O'Hara, the nice little milliner,  
Tipp'd me the wink to give her a call,  
And soon we arriv'd, with Timothy Gleigan,  
Just in time for Lannigan's Ball.

There was lashings of punch and wine for  
the ladies,  
Potatoes and cakes, there was bacon and  
tea,  
There were the Nolans, Doolans, O'Grady's,  
Coortin' the girls, and dancin' away.  
Songs they were as plenty as water,  
From the "Harp that once thro' Tara's  
ould Hall,"  
To sweet "Nelly Gray" and the "Rat-  
catcher's daughter,"  
All singing together at Lannigan's Ball.

They were doing all kinds of nonsensical  
polkas.

All round the room in a neat whirligig;  
But Julia and I soon banish'd their nonsense,  
And tipp'd them a twist of a real Irish jig.  
Och mavrone! 'twas she that was glad o' me,  
And danc'd till you'd think the ould ceiling  
would fall,  
For I spent a whole fortnight at Burke's  
academy,  
Larin' a step for Lannigan's Ball.

The boys were all merry, the girls were all  
hearty,

Dancing away in couples and groups,  
Till an accident happen'd, young Terence  
Macarthy,  
He put his right leg on Miss Flaherty's  
hoops.

The creature she fainted, and roar'd "Milia  
murther!"

Call'd for her friends and gather'd them all,  
Ned Carmody swore that he'd go no further,  
But he'd have satisfaction at Lannigan's  
Ball.

In the midst of the row Miss Kerrigan  
fainted,

Her cheeks all the while being red as the  
rose,  
Some of the ladies declar'd she was painted,  
She took a small drop too much, I suppose.  
Her sweetheart, Ned Morgan, so pow'rful and  
able,

When he saw his fair colleen stretch'd by  
the wall,  
He tore the left leg from under the table,  
And smash'd all the chaney at Lannigan's  
Ball.

Oh, boys, there was the ruction!

Myself got a lick from big Phelim McHugh,  
But soon I replied to his kind introduction,  
And kick'd up a terrible Phillabaloo.  
Ould Casey the piper was near being strangled,  
They squeezed up his pipes, bellows,  
chanters and all;

The girls in their ribbons they all got en-  
tangled,  
And that put an end to Lannigan's Ball.

### Juliana Brown.

**O**H! I do lub a color'd gal, I can't leave  
her all day,  
For eb'ry black-looking niggar's got some-  
thing to her to say;  
Her voice is like a Jew's-harp, her form it is  
divine,  
And if she marries another niggar she'll break

## CHORUS.

So up and down, ye darkies, so gently up  
and down,  
For Juliana Phœbiana Roxiana Brown.  
We're all here, ha, ha! in this happy throng,  
All here, ha, ha! Juliana Brown.

My lub can cut de pigeon wing, likewise  
dance de Polka, [de cowchoker.  
She's a rouser in de niggar jig, a sylph in  
Her Jay-bird heels dey grow so long, de darks  
all stare and wonder,  
And some fall down and faint away, and tink  
dey're struck wid thunder.

So up, &c.

I took my lub to a ball one night, but when  
we went to supper,  
She fainted, and ober de table fell, and run  
her Head in de butter;  
Dey used camplain to fetch her too, but dey  
found it was too later,  
For a turkey's leg had stuck in her eye, and  
she chok'd to deff wid tater.

So up, &c.

## Doing the Grand.

I HAD a holiday one day last week,  
And I said I would, so to vulgarly speak,  
Come the grand, come the grand, come the  
grand, come the grand.  
But my expectations were sent to the squash,  
When I found my shirt wasn't home from the  
wash,  
To come the grand, &c.  
So I wish I'd had a dickey—oh! hi! oh!  
'Twould do as well, to cut a swell,  
If I only had a dickey—ha, ha! ha, ha!  
It's how do you like my dickey?

I went to a shop a few doors hence,  
And I bought a stunner for thirteen pence,  
To come it grand, &c.  
There were strings at the corners that fasten'd  
so queer,  
And strings round the neck that stuck up here,  
To come it grand, &c.  
And so I bought my dickey—oh! hi! ho!  
And it looks so well on this 'ere swell,  
I'll smash 'em all with my dickey—ha, ha!  
ha, ha!  
It's how do you like my dickey?

I felt quite proud, when a girl said, grinning,  
To her friend, "Look Jane at the gentlemen's  
linen,  
Ain't it grand, &c.

I followed 'em home, when this pretty young  
flirt, [I don't know what to call her,  
Said, "I knows he's a gent by his beautiful  
shirt, [I don't know what to call her.

It's so grand, &c.

Yet it was this splendid dickey, oh! hi! ho!  
'Twould do as well to cut a swell,  
If I only had a dickey, &c.

I heard 'em whisper, "I should much like to  
know

If the body's made of linen or calico,

It's so grand, &c."

Then I felt confused and particularly small,  
'Cos I knew very well it hadn't any at all,  
Though so grand, &c.

Yet 'twas a lovely dickey, oh! hi! oh!  
'Twould do as well to cut a swell,  
If I only had a dickey, &c.

I hired a cab with a very fast horse,  
And soon was put down 'tother side of Char-  
ing Cross,

To come the grand, &c.

I walked up the street with the air of a lord,  
To show all the snobs how this swell could  
afford

To come the grand, &c.

And they all admired my dickey, oh! hi! oh!  
'Twould do as well to cut a swell,  
If I only had a dickey, &c.

They called on another that was passing by,  
And said, "Look, Bob, here's another guy!"

He's so grand, &c.

He seiz'd my front with a grip like a vice,  
But I gave a jerk and escap'd in a trice,  
Not so grand, &c.

But they didn't get my dickey, oh no! oh no!  
And from this mess, I must confess,  
I was saved by my dickey, &c.

## A Christmas Chime.

A MERRY Christmas to you all,

Let every heart rejoice,

And echo o'er the jovial board;

In one united voice,

Let mirth and jollity resound,

Bid grief and care begone;

And let us all at this festive time,

Give place to joy alone.

Then a merry, merry Christmas,

Come, pass the toast around,

And let us shout with hearty cheer—

"May health and wealth abound."



# THE TICKET OF LEAVE MAN.—A Medley.

*Lucy Neal.*

IN Grosv'nor square there lived a cook,  
her name was Sairey Anne,  
Through the area windows oft would look  
out for her nice young man :  
Day after day she look'd in vain, alas! he  
came not there,  
Poor cookey sighed and sighed again,  
then wip'd away a tear.  
Alas! for Billy Kent, for whom she dropp'd  
those tears,  
Was working under government, engaged  
for fourteen years.

*Yankee Doodle.*

Poor cookey pin'd and pin'd away for  
three years and a half, sirs,  
Sorrowing, sighing day by day, and never  
once did laugh, sirs,  
One day, what was it she could see, before  
the area standing,  
In ecstacies she cried, "Tis he!" and  
rushed up the landing.

*John Jones.*

She fell in his arms, Bill tenderly caught  
her, [for water,  
She went into high strikes, Bill shouted  
The housemaid rushed up, "Why, I'm  
blessed it is Sairey,  
Oh! do, if you please sir, bring her down  
in the airey."  
Of course Bill consented, then slowly did  
move, sirs, [love, sirs,  
Such a handful before he ne'er had of  
Arrived in the kitchen, in a chair he did  
place her,  
The housemaid brought water, and  
sprinkl'd her face, sirs.  
One after the other she open'd her eyes,  
sirs, [sirs,  
Attempted to speak, but couldn't for sighs,  
Bill broke the ice, "Oh, my dear Sairey  
Anne, love,  
Forgive yer dear Billy, that is if you can,  
love, [dear,  
S'help my tater, another I never did love,  
I swear by the bright little winkers, above  
dear,  
Some Government work I've been busy  
about, love, [love.  
And never before for a day could get out,  
SPOKEN.—Ax the Guv'nor.  
She heard what Bill said, forgave him and  
kiss'd him, miss'd him;  
Declaring he couldn't tell how she had

Some spoons and some forks were lying  
about, sirs, [sirs;  
Bill's eyes very soon were spying 'em out  
As cookey was taking some plates from a  
shelf, sirs, [sirs,

To two or three articles Bill help'd himself  
Then rose to depart, gave his Sairey a  
kiss, sir,  
Took her watch the same time, which she  
then didn't miss, sirs.

He rushed up the area as quick as a shot,  
sirs, [got, sir,

A Bobby was there, asked him what he  
"If you wish to know tick'ler what I  
have got, sir,

It's only a summert to put in the pot, sir,"  
"All right," said the Bobby, where's your  
Ticket of Leave, sir?

Up rushed Sairey Anne in a terrible fever,  
"O Bill, you're a villain! you've prigg'd  
my Genevar."

*Susannah, don't you cry.*

To the Station House he then was walk'd,  
the Inspector took the charge,  
"Are you aware ma'am, this ere man, is  
a Ticket man at large."  
"Oh, no! the sarpint, varmint," she then  
went into swoons,  
Whilst the searcher he was forking out  
the silver forks and spoons.  
O, O, Billy, how could you serve me so,  
To think you was a ticket man, and  
wouldn't let me know.

*Old English Gentlemen.*

Now Bill was tried, the Judge he said,  
"You shall steal no more,  
Transported for your nat'r'l life to some  
convict shore,  
For liberty behold your thanks, it does  
but clearly show  
To your former prigging pranks, deter-  
mined are to go."  
Like an audacious Ticket man of leave.  
One of the modern time.

*Billy Taylor.*

So Cooks and Housemaids take a warning  
From poor cookey, Sairey Anne,  
The love of strange men you be scorning,  
For instance, Sairey Anne's young man.  
Tiddy iddy rol, &c.  
If they come to see you—don't admit 'em,  
They'll chloroform you into swoons,  
Talk from windows, and outwit 'em  
From prigging kisses and silver spoons.  
Tiddy, riddy rol, &c.